MAKING IT

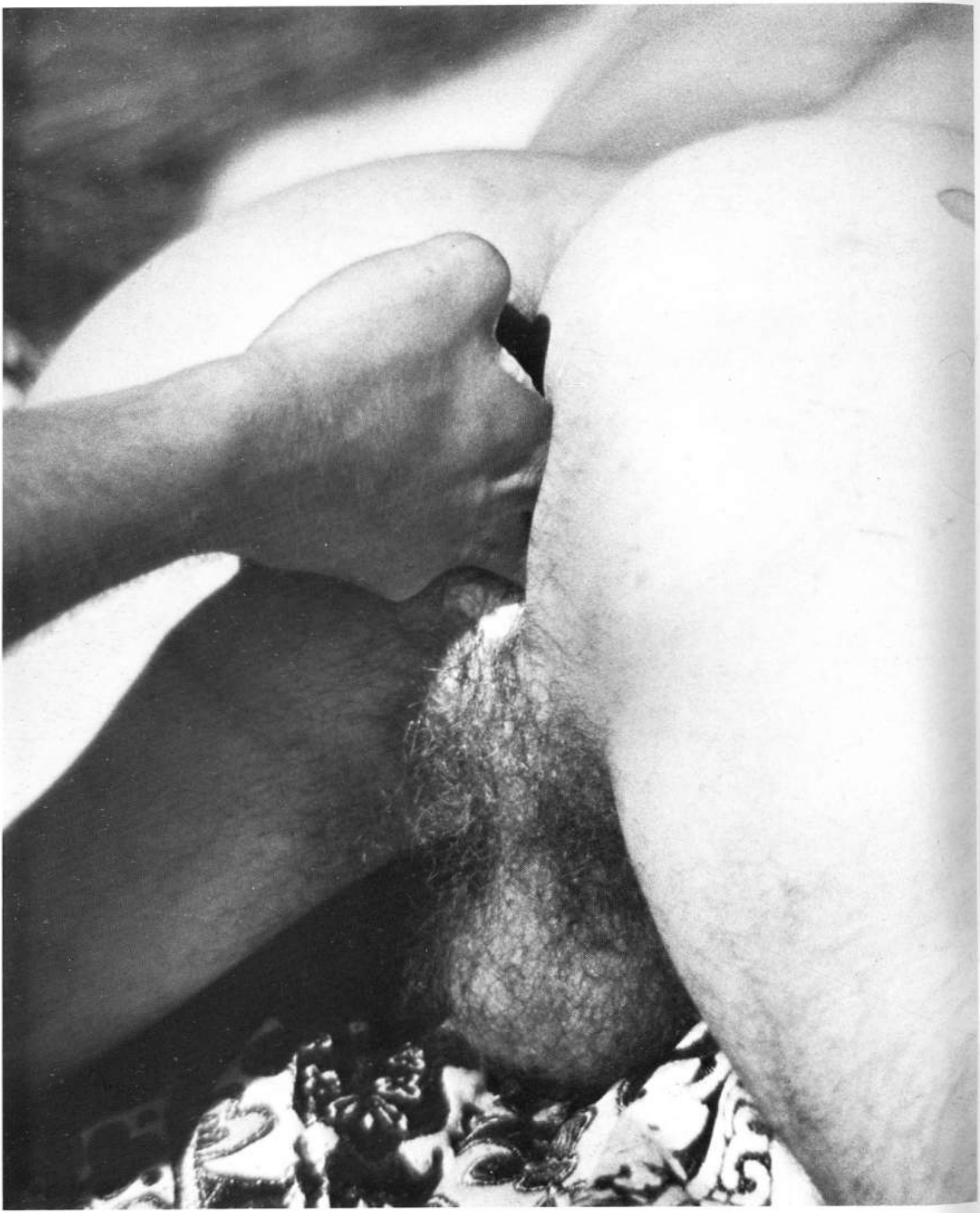
$6.

adults only

A STUDY OF HOMOSEXUAL ACTIVITY

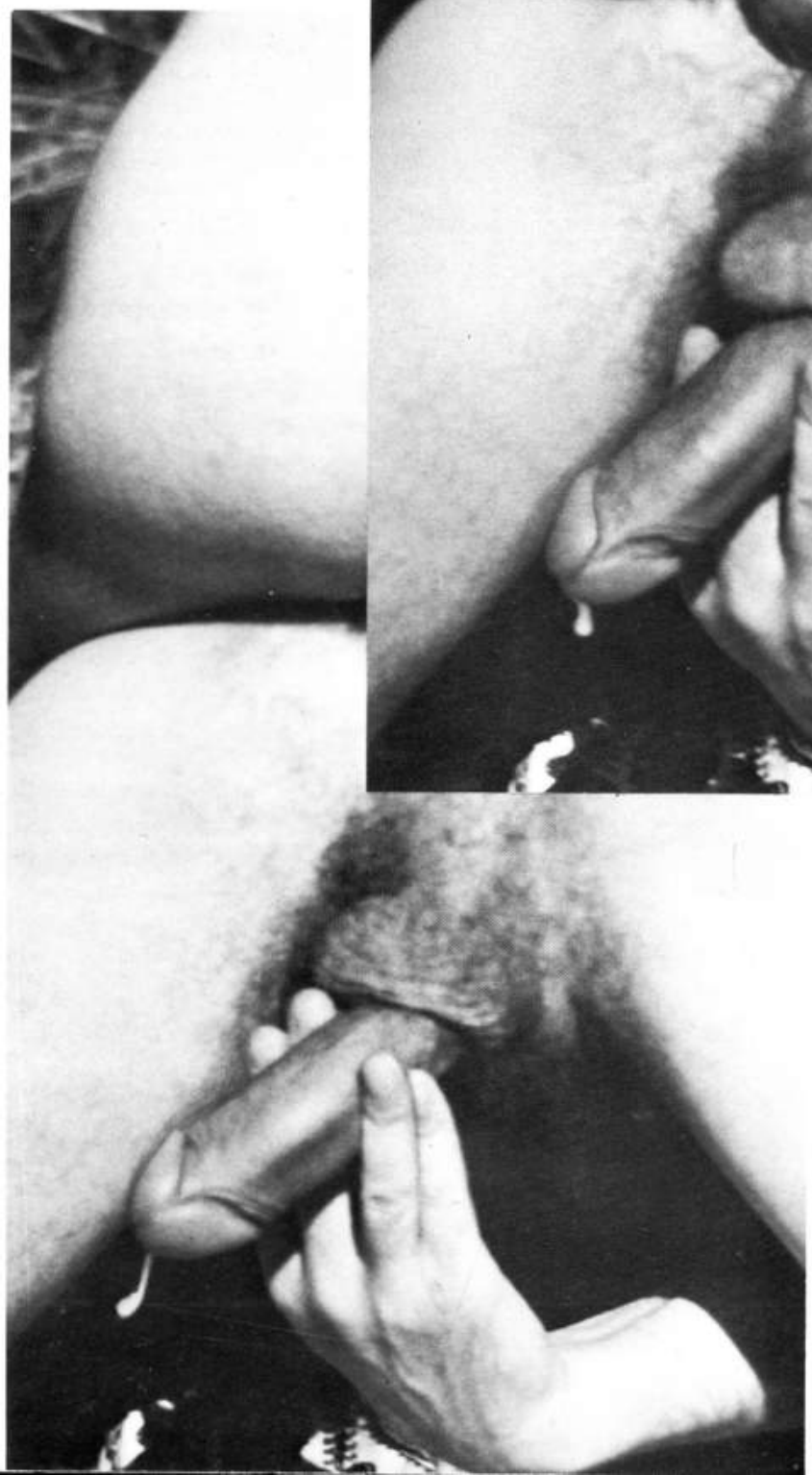
BEACH-
SCORE

BACK · WOODS BLOW · JOB



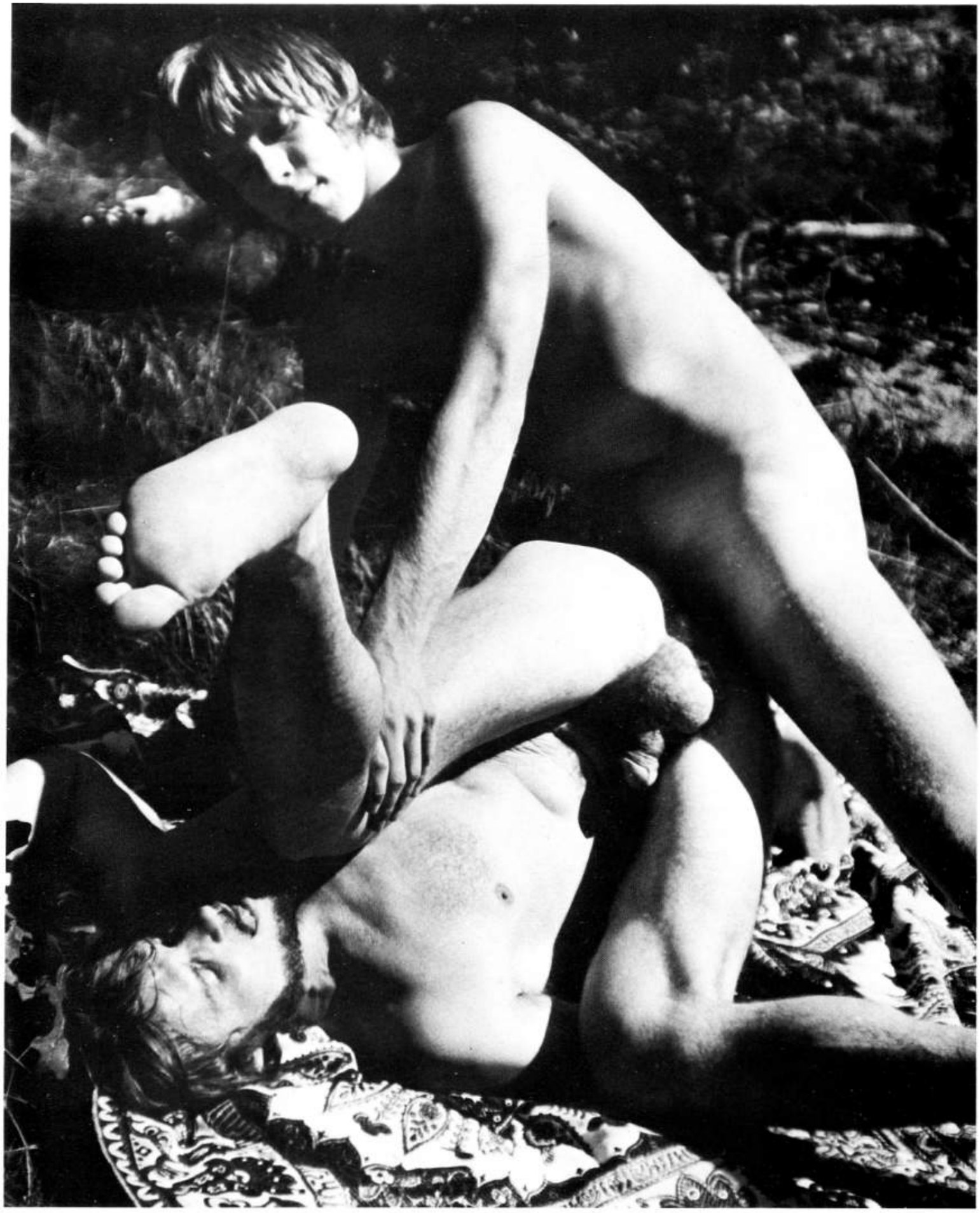
About twenty miles south of town, there's a park called Buffalo Gap where you can go swimming on hot summer afternoons. It's a natural park, way out in the woods, and there's a fresh water spring that forms some pretty good swimming holes. Folks go out there on the weekends for picnics and such. But if you want to get away from the crowds, you gotta go further up into the woods, up where the spring starts.

There's some real secluded spots up there, and sometimes people go up there and swim in the raw. I've even heard from the guys at school that



FUCK THAT ASS, BABY!

MAKE ME CUM!



if you go far enough up, way up the mountain, you can get your cock sucked!

I'd ventured up as far as the nude swimming holes on several occasions, spending the whole afternoon peeking at cunts and trying to brush close to a few tits in the water. But for the most part, I'd spend the day layin' on my stomach so my hard-on wouldn't show, and I'd go home with a third degree sunburn on my ass.

One Saturday afternoon I made my way up the trail through the dense woods, up to the nudie swimming places, and decided to go on up a little farther—just for the hell of it. I'd certainly never had any action around the swimming holes. If what the guys at school said was true, maybe I could at least find some fag to get my rocks off for me.

As soon as I got up to where it was safe, I stripped down completely naked and headed up the trail. I was hoping I'd run into some horny chick along the way who'd make it with me in the woods. I have to admit I got a kick out of walking through the woods that way. Felt good, being nude. Just the idea of it made my ole dick swell up and hang down like a fat slab of meat between my legs. I liked the way it flopped against my thighs and balls as I walked. I kept thinking, if only some chick could see me like that, she couldn't help but crawl all over me. I'm pretty damned good lookin', after all. And hung good too—especially with my cock all swelled out and

stretched down the way it was. I imagined myself to be some super sex god, stalking through the woods, my dong danglin' half hard from my crotch, waitin' to jump on anything that passed my way.

I don't know how far up I went, but it seemed like a good long way. And all that time I hadn't seen a single soul. It was beginning to worry me a little—especially with the way my prick was tingling. After a while, I figured I'd just spread out my blanket and lay down for a while. If anyone was around, maybe they'd stumble on me sooner or later.

I must have laid there for close to an hour before anything happened. My cock kept alternating from hard to soft as I let my mind drift in the coolness of the afternoon. I was hoping someone, anyone, would come along—just to help me out. I'd have let anyone suck me off that afternoon! But finally I was beginning to think nothing was going to happen. I was about ready to get up and head back, but decided I'd pull myself off real quck before I left. Even that was better than nothing.

I just sorta laid back and shut my eyes, and took that damned thing in my fist. Didn't take but a second for it to spring to full attention—not after all the anticipation. It felt good out there, naked in the woods, jackin' myself off. Like a special kind of freedom.

I was really getting into it, pumping it really

hard in my fist, when I somehow became aware of someone watching me. I don't think I actually heard anyone approach, but I could just tell I was being watched. At first I froze, not wanting to see who it was—fearing maybe it was the park patrol or some other such nosey pricks.

When finally I opened my eyes, I saw this guy standing next to me, his body looking like that of a giant's from my prone position. He was close to my head, so that my focal point was directly up to the gigantic hard prick with a set of balls danglin' down beneath like I've never seen before.

It stunned me for a moment; maybe even frightened me, I don't know.

This dude was just standing there watching me beat off, and stroking his own prick at the same time. I couldn't believe it. The whole thing was so damned ridiculous. But kind of exciting, in a strange sort of way. I'd never had anyone seem that interested in me, the way he obviously was. And I'd certainly never had anyone get their kicks by watching me jack off. It was a new kind of thrill, and made me aware of my own sensuous potency—even more than I already was. I guess it was like a real ego trip for me.

What made things seem even more strange was that this dude never said a word. He didn't smile or nod or anything. His eyes seemed a little glassy, in fact, and his lips were parted, in sort of a hungry looking expression.

Without a word, he dropped to his knees beside me and reached for my prick. I yielded it to him almost willingly, although my heart was pounding like a mother fucker. After all this was my first encounter with a guy, and the whole thing really made me tense. I admit I wanted it. I'd even made myself available for it by going up there. But right at first, I was really nervous.

His fingers closed around the shaft lightly at first, then gripped a little harder. Looking down

at my swollen prick, I could see a thick drop of cream oozing out the fat mushroom. He started pulling on my meat, working it in long even strokes, the same way he was pullin' his own.

I kept thinking how strange it was that this guy was leaning over me, playing with my dick. He didn't fit any sort of idea I had about queers—in fact, just the opposite. He was really muscular, had a short beard, even tatoos on his arm—masculine in every way. I caught a glimpse of his cock again and really noticed what it looked like for the first time. It was damned fuckin' big, I wanna tell ya. A big fat piece of meat that would make any guy envious.

Then he leaned his head close down to my crotch. "That's a nice piece of meat," he sort of grunted. "Nice, big dick." He seemed entranced by it, and seemed pleased with the size of it. At first he just plopped the head of my cock against his moist lips, making little smacking sounds, and flicked his tongue out across the hole, like he was trying to get that drop of cream.

Then, without the least bit of warning, he plunged his head down and thrust the entire thing down his throat! The entire thing. Every fuckin' inch! I couldn't believe it! My ass arched up off the blanket, like I was trying to shove it even farther in. But his lips and nose were buried in my crotch hair already. My breath came in hard gasps as he suddenly began raming the length of my hard prick in and out his mouth in long, even strokes. His tongue was all over the place, lapping across the head, gobbling at the root.

He really knew his business. Never in my life have I had my meat worked on like that! He sucked my nuts and even tried to get his fingers up my ass. But the most surprising part was yet to come.

He swung himself around so that his crotch was right up near my face, his hand gripping the hard swollen rod relentlessly. He moved the head of it right next to my lips. All I could see was cock and balls and hair. He yanked his mouth off my prick and just sort of looked at me. Then, in a cool steady voice, he kept repeating, "Suck me. Suck me. Suck my cock!" His eyes were piercing mine, his hand gripping, pulling on my turgid prick.

I can't explain why I did it, or what impulse drove me on, but I couldn't seem to resist him. My cock was throbbing like crazy, and he kept insisting. I can't explain it. All I know is that suddenly his cock was half way in my mouth and I was sucking on it like some damned lollypop. It wasn't even reluctant, either. I was really licking that fat dick, gobbling on it just like he was mine. The strangness of it all, the sheer perversity made me hungry for it. It was hot slippery in my mouth, and I let the savory male taste permeate my whole body. "That's it, baby. Eat that dick," he sneered. "Give me a good suck!"

The next thing I knew, he was flipping me over on my stomach and spreading my things apart. He crawled down between my legs, and I cringed with fear and disgust. I wasn't about to let him fuck me! I squeezed my cheeks shut and clamped up my asshole real tight. But what I was

expecting didn't happen. Instead of trying to shove that huge pole up my ass, he started licking me with his tongue! I couldn't believe it. Right down in my crack, even. I guess I must have relaxed a little, because suddenly he shoved my thighs far apart, making my crack open and leaving my asshole vulnerable and inviting.

The next thing I knew, he was tonguing and sucking on my hole like some hungry animal. The sensation was unbelievable! Never in my life had I ever had that happen. I'd never even heard of it! But there he was, rimming my asshole, right out there in the woods.

When he asked me to do it to him, I hesitated for a while, sucking his prick was one thing, but eating' his ass was another. He kept urging me to—to try it, just taste it, he said. When he bent down on all fours and stuck his ass up for me, there was his red puckered asshole just waiting for my lips. I couldn't believe I was doing it, but there I was crawling around behind him, sniffing and licking at his asshole like some damned dog. He kept telling me how to do it, and pulled himself off the whole time. I don't suppose I did a very good job, but I guess it was enough to suffice. After a few minutes of it, and after I got his hole good and wet, he laid down on his stomach and begged me to shove my hand up his ass!

I thought I'd just done about the vilest thing in my whole life—maybe more vile than anything I'd ever do again. But now he was asking me to shove my hand up his ass! For one thing, I didn't believe it would fit. And for another, I didn't feel like getting shit all over my hand.

Then he reached back and pulled his cheeks apart for me. "Put you fist in, baby. Fuck me with your fist."

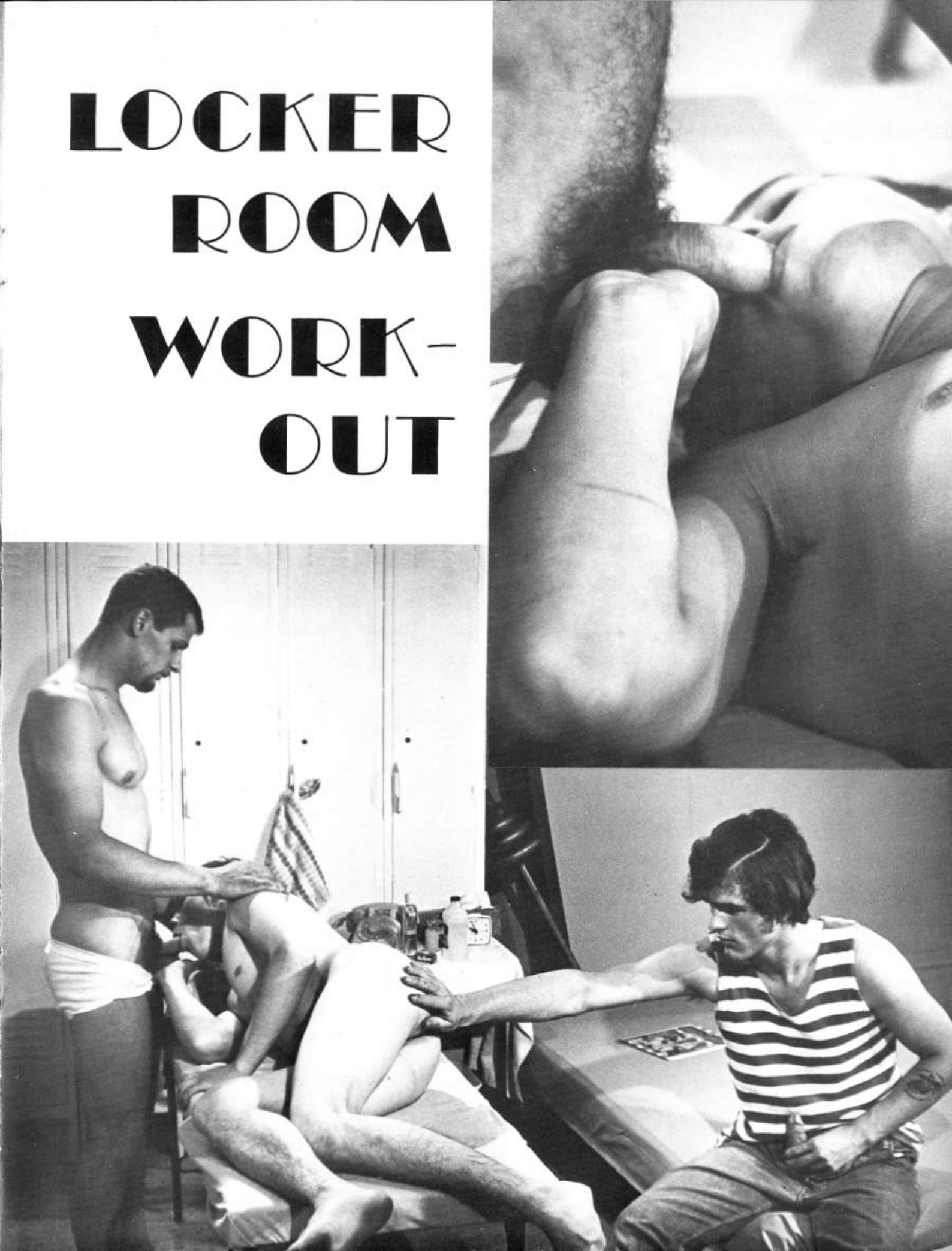
The idea sounded so sick and disgusting, I had to try it. He was begging me to. I spat on my fingers and decided to give him what he wanted. Starting with one finger, I gradually would put in four until finally my knuckles were in. After that, it was easy. His asshole seemed to just stretch open and suck my whole fist up. I doubled up my fist inside his ass and started plunging back and forth, though I couldn't get my fist all the way out.

He kept moaning and gasping and begging for more, til finally he exploded in a hot torrent of cum that completely ruined my blanket. I've never seen such a puddle in all my life. Not even from wet dreams.

That's not all I fucked him with, though. I shoved my cock in and ripped off a little piece while I was at it. I guess I've seen him three times since then. And every time, he teaches me something new. The best part, though, is when he starts beggin' me to shove my cock or fist up his ass. I guess that's my favorite part too.

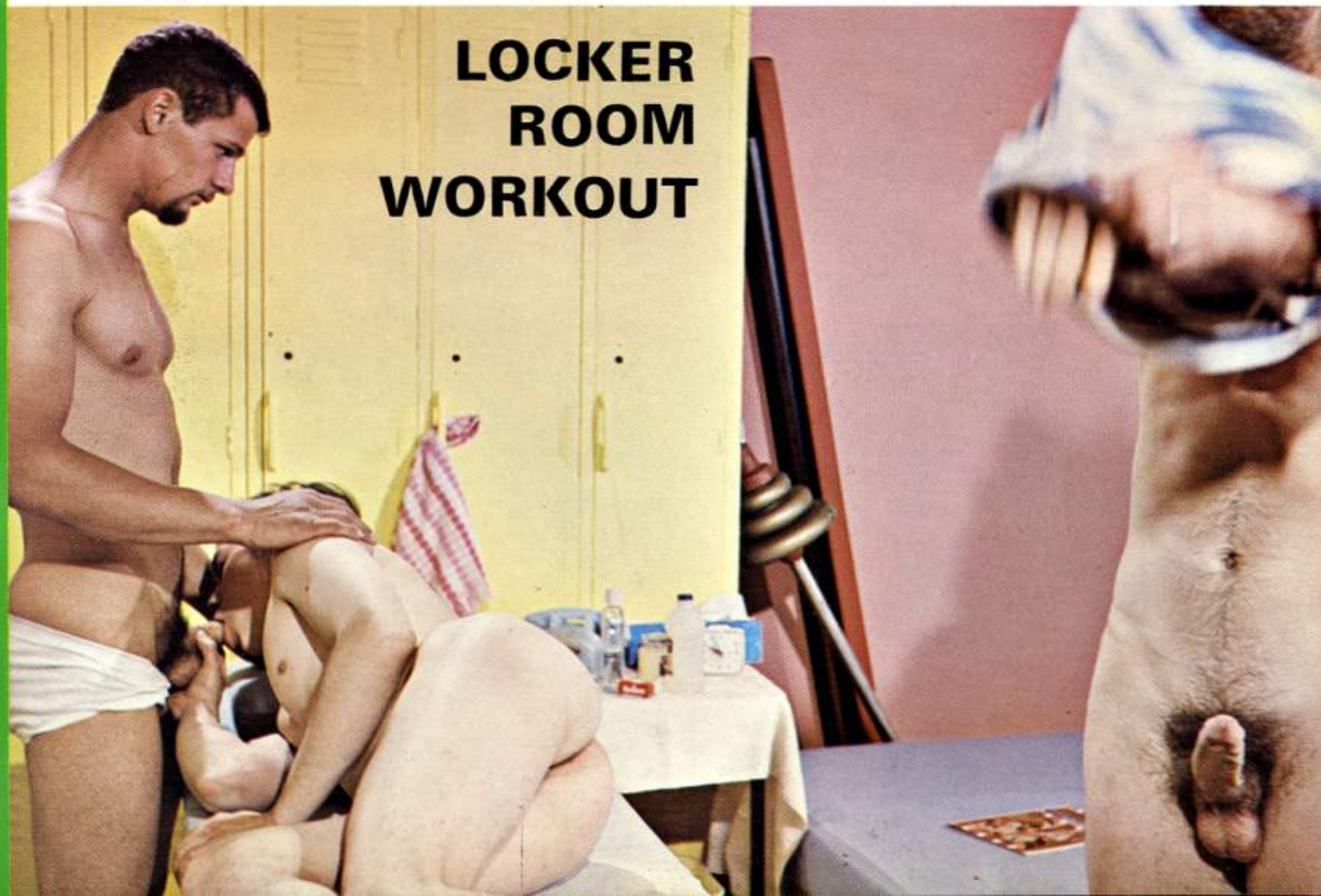
I still don't consider myself queer, even though I do all this shit with him. But I'll look a long time before I ever find a chick who knows how to get a guy's rocks off as good as he does.

LOCKER ROOM WORK-OUT



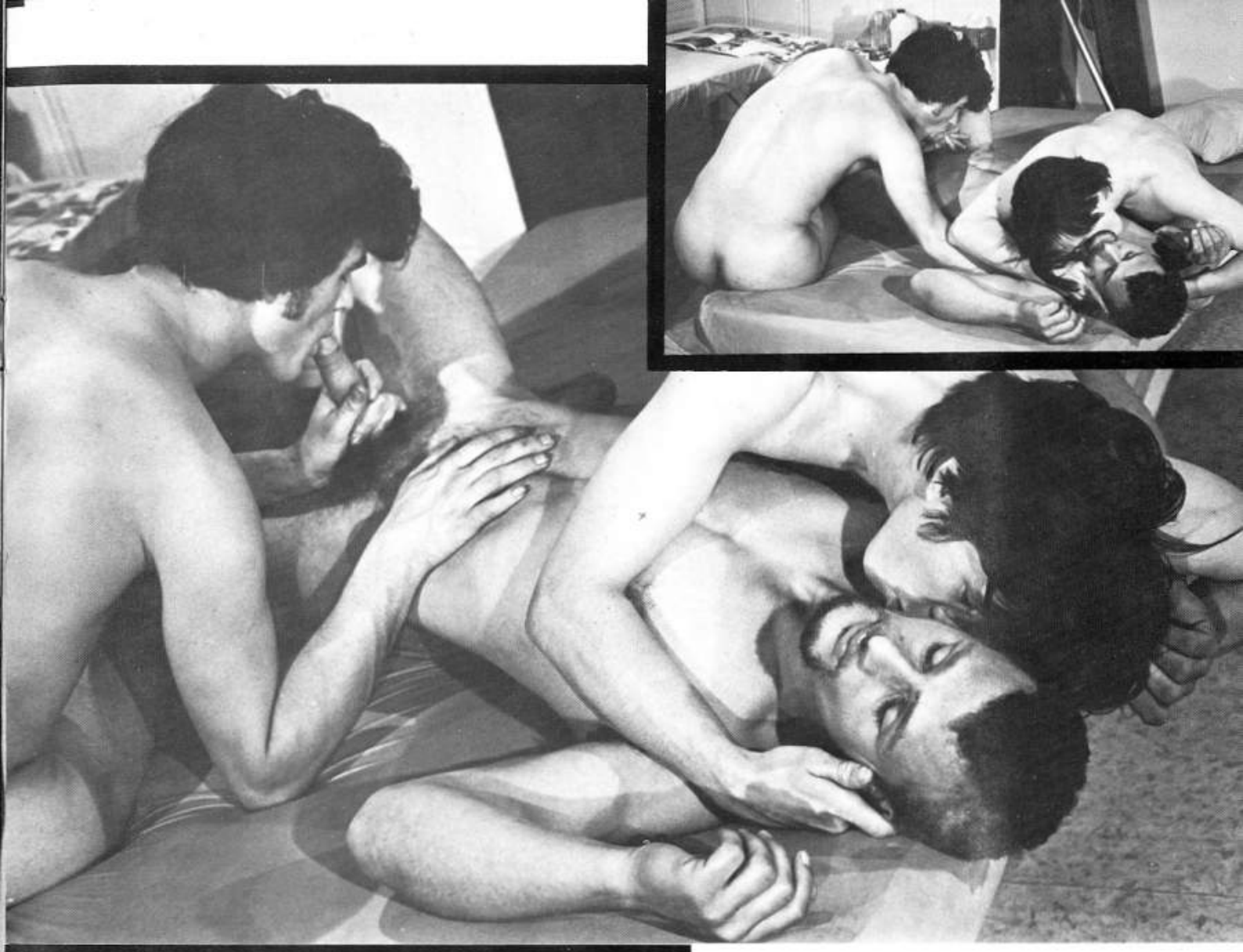
BEACH SCORE

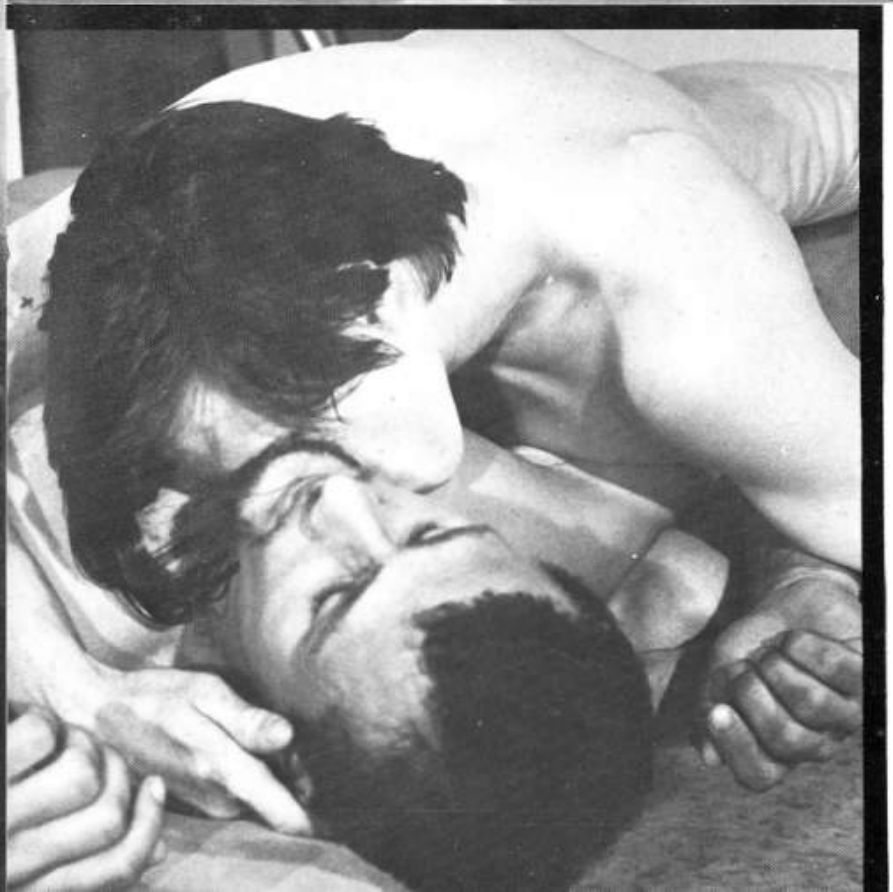
BACKWOOD
BLOWJOB


LOCKER
ROOM
WORKOUT

At the time, everything seemed innocent enough on the surface. But later I realized it had all been a plot. Maybe not so much on the part of Dick (although he certainly had a hand in things) as Larry. In fact, the whole thing was probably Larry's idea. If I'd have been a little more preceptive, perhaps I would have known all along. But I'd never have thought that about Larry. And Dick. For God's sake. Dick's even married. Has a little girl, and a pretty little wife named Ellen.

Well, whatever the case, they sure pulled one over on me. I suppose it sounds like I'm lamenting the situation, when actually I really





enjoyed it. It's just sort of strange to sit back and wonder how I got hooked into the whole thing.

The afternoon had started out regular enough. Every Saturday afternoon for the whole summer a group of us would get together and play a little touch football. Since I coach high school kids during school, I've got use of all gym facilities throughout the summer. So we've got use of the basketball court, weight room, even the locker room.

I usually go over early and hang around the office for a while until the others get there. That particular morning Larry arrived early too. There was nothing unusual about that, since he's usually the first one there. But looking back, I can see how he used that time to his advantage. First thing he did was strip down and prance around the locker room bare assed as a baby. I guess it made me a little nervous, the way he kept putting off getting his gym clothes on. Finally he put on his jockey strap, but nothing more.

He kept talking to me all the time, acting very nonchalent about his nakedness. Asked me about various plays I'd worked out, different ways of handling the ball, stuff like that. When he had his jock strap on, he went into the weight room and after a few minutes, called me in.

I went trailing in there, and I suppose I was more than a little shocked by what I saw. A guy would have to be blind not to notice a lump like that. His jock strap bulged out like he'd shoved a banana down it or something. But again his nonchalence seemingly avoided the issue.

"What can I do to develop these muscles right here, coach?" His question was straightforward and entirely innocent. The only thing was that the muscles he wanted to develop just happened to be his upper things, which he demonstrated by rubbing. His question obviously drew attention to his bulging crotch. That's what I couldn't understand. Instead of trying to hide it and keep from embarrassing himself, he was actually flaunting it.

I gave him a brief description of the necessary exercise and the proper weight to use, then gently

skirted the issue by quietly leaving. A few minutes later, when he came back into the locker room to finish dressing, I couldn't help but notice the lump was quite a bit smaller. He had actually had a hard on in the weight room, and had purposefully called my attention to it, I was sure.

After about fifteen more minutes, the others began to arrive and get dressed for the afternoon's activities. I guess maybe we spent about four hours out on the football field that day. Enough to wear everyone out, except Larry, that is.

All afternoon he and Dick had been chumming around, making touchdown passes to each other, and working more like a team than everyone else

combined. There was nothing unusual about that, either, even though Dick was about three years older. They lived on the same block and had often played ball together, so they knew how each other worked.

As it got later and later, people began drifting off one by one til finally there was no one left but us three. I figured Dick would be leaving any time since he had a wife to attend to, leaving me alone again with Larry. I guess that was the first time I had any doubts. Because of what had happened earlier, I didn't particularly want to be left alone with him again. You never know what these horny young pricks will do. Even though I really had nothing to put my finger on, I had a strange suspicion.

But Dick didn't leave. They kept wanting me to help them with their forward pass. Larry said he was weak in that area and needed a little help. I didn't realize til later that it was just his way of waiting til everyone had cleared out of the gym before we went in. It's so easy now to look back and see how obvious each move had been. But at the time, everything seemed on the up and up.

Just before we were about to go in, though, Larry twisted his shoulder on a long straight pass to Dick. He jumped around for a few seconds,

yelling in pain, than ran over to me. The only thing I could do for him was offer to massage it.

So we called it a day and headed for the locker room. We all got into the shower, and Larry stood under the hot water for a few minutes to see if it wouldn't relieve the pain in his shoulder. After drying off, Dick climbed into his clothes while Larry crawled up onto the bench, waiting for me to massage the lump out of his shoulder. Dick was evidently waiting for Larry to drive him home, much to my relief.

It didn't appear strange to me at all that Larry was stretched out on his stomach completely naked. After all, the kid had just wrenched his shoulder and seemingly was in pain. I did the best I could massaging his shoulders and back while Dick looked on.

But was I ever in for a shock when Larry finally rolled over onto his back. I had turned away for a moment, but when I looked around there he was, naked as Adam, a smirk on his lips, and a full-fledged hard on rising up from his crotch.

I guess I must have blushed a little, and I'm certain I stood there muttering something about his shoulder. But this incredible young prick standing up from Larry's crotch was enough to distract anyone's attention. Dick seemed to be grinning at me too, as if both of them were in on this little scheme.

"Guess it must have been all that rubbin' " Dick said, nodding toward Larry's stiff cock. I'd hoped they would avoid mentioning it, but now there was no way out.

"I . . . ah . . . didn't realize it'd have that kind of effect," I stuttered, hoping they'd laugh with me. Neither one of them did.

Then Larry, without saying a word, reached

down and gripped the stiff young peter hard at the root, brandishing it a couple of times like a weapon in front of my face. I must have stood there in a daze, not believing my eyes, wishing I could run, hoping they would leave.

But Larry wasn't through with me yet. I watched with fixed eyes as his hand took a long upward stoke up the length of his thick-meated shaft, up across the wide vermillion head that practically sparkled from the stuff that oozed out the hole. I'd never witnessed anything so blatantly lewd in all my life. I was screaming inside, wanting to say something, to get them out of there, but I just couldn't speak.

"Looks like you gave him a hard on, coach," Dick said.

"That's what it is alright," I heard myself reply. A big fat hard on, right in front of my eyes, oozing with sweetness, ready and waiting for me to bite.

"Maybe you could massage this muscle for me too, coach," Larry said, a cruel twisted smile on his lips. "It's swollen a lot more than my shoulder."

I couldn't even reply to that. I was so stunned by the whole thing I didn't even have an answer for him. While Dick looked on in amusement, Larry reached over and darted his hand inside my underwear, grabbing at the hardening flesh inside. It wasn't til I felt his hand close over my prick

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that I realized I was getting hard too. My cock was betraying me and seemed to have a will all its own. I couldn't seem to move away, and I could feel my cock growing bigger by the second as Larry gripped and rubbed the turgid flesh.

"Let him suck you off, coach," Dick said. His voice sounded as though it were far away. "Let him suck your cock. He gives the best blow job in town. Better than my wife, even."

By now, Larry had my meat out of my underwear and had worked it into a rock hard bone, causing it to jut out from my crotch like a stiff rod. His hand was all over it, pulling, squeezing, brushing lightly across the sensitive head.

His other hand worked on his own torrid meat, pulling in long strokes on the fat dribbling dick. And as I looked over, I saw that Dick was pulling his own prick out of his dungarees and working it up into a sizable slab of meat.

If ever in my life I've experienced pleasure, none has been sweeter than when I first felt Larry's soft, moist lips brush against the head of my cock. The spasms of pleasure that rushed through my body made me tremble at the knees. I couldn't believe what was happening to me, but I knew I wanted it. I liked it, and wanted it.

Then suddenly my whole cock was surrounded by hot slippery warmth, being squeezed and caressed by Larry's tongue. As I looked down, I

saw his nose buried in the bristly hairs of my crotch, the entire length of my cock buried in his face, inching its way down his throat. His mouth was like a hot cavern of lust, and I wanted to bury myself in it forever. I wanted to pour out a gallon of cum and flood it to capacity.

Then Larry pulled his mouth away. He got up off the table and motioned for me to take his place. I did so willingly, complying with anything he wished in order to have more of the pleasure I knew he was capable of giving. From the side, I could see that Dick was getting undressed again, and I remember seeing his still thick dick springing out of his underwear.

They were both on me after that. I didn't realize it at first, since I kept my eyes shut most of the time. But when I looked down, I realized that both of them were working on my joint together. I knew it must have been some sort of fantastic nightmare, but the slobbering and sucking sounds coming from them was definitely real.

Their mouths were all over me, lapping at my nipples, circling down to my armpits, dropping lower on my stomach and dipping down to my balls. I don't know how they did it, but each one of them got one of my nuts in his mouth at the same time. I could feel their hot wet tongues on my sensitive nuts, lapping at the sack hungrily.

I guess it was Dick who went to his locker and brought back a magazine for me. He shoved it into my hand with the page opened to a gorgeous young bitch with her cunt spread open and two fingers stuck deep inside. The pictures had the desired effect, keeping my cock stiff, turgid, while they feasted on it.

After a while, and right before I was about to cum, Dick rolled me onto my stomach. He took one leg and Larry took the other. I supposed I was completely yielding at that point. I was so hot I couldn't stand it. My balls ached to shoot a load. They pulled my legs open as far as they would go, then slapped their faces down on my ass cheeks. I could feel their hot tongues trailing over my buttocks, nearing the crack, probing into the dark hairy crevice, finally reaching the tight puckered opening of my asshole. The sensations were absolutely incredible. I could feel them lapping at my asshole, rimming it in small circles, probing to enter.

I was grinding my hips down, pressing my cock into the table, seeking some sort of relief. But again, just before they brought me to climax, they backed off again. I had no idea what they were up to at that point. But whatever it was, it needed to be quick. My nuts were churning with cum, ready to explode at any moment. They pulled me and helped me to my feet. Then Larry went over to the bench and bent over it, making his smooth white ass vulnerable to me.

He reached aound and held his ass cheeks open while Dick guided me over to him. He held my cock in his hand and guided it right up to Larry's asshole, laying the fat head in the smooth hairless crack.

Then, as I stood watching in amazement, he began whipping himself off in hard pounding strokes. His eyes were glazed over, body trembling, and in a matter of a few moments, his balls started pouring out their load. He stepped close and pointed his spewing cock right at Larry's asshole, lubricating my cockhead with his thick white cream. Six explosive jets of hot cum gushed of in thick wads til finally his balls were empty.

Then quickly he reached forward and smeared his own cum all over my cockhead and up and down the length of the shaft, even sending a cum covered finger up Larry's asshole to prepare the way.

From there on it was all mine. I quickly popped the head of my cock in Larry's hole and rammed myself in all the way to the root, causing Larry to scream out in pain. Dick was behind me again, pulling on my nuts and sticking his fingers and tongue in my asshole while I fucked his buddy.

I have to admit it was the most incredible fuck I've ever had, male or female. I wanted it to go on forever, but it took only a few hard thrusts before I emptied out a load in his ass that wouldn't quit—one of those long hard orgasms where you shoot and shoot and shoot. I guess Larry must have cum at the same time from the puddle left on the sheets. When I finally pulled my cock out, it was covered in a messy smear of cum and spit and shit. But I didn't care. He'd given me the best fuck of all times.

When it was finally all over, we all went back into the shower to wash up. Not much was said, but it was evident we'd all enjoyed it, and that none of us regretted it. Dick made me promise I'd give him a good fuck like that the next time they came. I told him I'd be glad to and made them both promise to stay late again next Saturday. Complete satisfaction like that isn't something you find every day!

Not For Sale To Minors